

FRANKLIN COUNTY MONITOR.

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BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, MAY 18, 1874.

NO. 20.

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Vt. A good lively location for business. Stage
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Turkey, Ham, Bacon, Canned Cigars, Tobacco,
Toilet Soap, Fancy Articles, and all the Popular Patent
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comes to Trade for Goods in his line, such as Har-
nesses and Trawls, Livestock and Groceries, Vegetables
at his Home, and Clipper Service, with other Establish-
ment a good place for traveling horses at his home—
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL
the latest styles of ready-made Coffins, Caskets,
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Terms reasonable. West Ayles, Vt.

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CICELY.

Cicely says you're a poet maybe; I ain't much on
rhyme, but I'll give you a hundred, and beat me every
time; that's the way some chaps puts up an idea,
but I takes mine "straight" without sugar, and that's
what the matter with me.

Poetry is just kind round you—'Hullo, rock and sage;
Sage-brush, rock, and all; ain't it a pretty page?
Sun is the best at mornin', and in the west at night;
And the shadow of this year station the only thing
poetry in sight.

Poetry is just kind round you; roll to your man;
Run right away, my poet; By by! ain't she a lamb?
Poetry is just kind round you; ain't it right in that suit;
Just that that dour that, will yer,—our Cicely's ears is
cute.

To noticed fully, the baby! A month after she was
born, Cicely's old woman—was moody-like and forlorn;
Out of her head and crazy, and talked of flowers and
trees.

Family man yourself, sir! Well, you know what a
woman she was, and restless, said that she couldn't
stay—

Say—and the nearest woman seventeen miles away.
But I took it up with the doctor, and he said he would
And I kinder stuck by the shanty, and fenced in that
lot of mine.

One night—the tenth of October—I woke with a chill
and fright.

For the door was standing open, and Cicely wasn't
in sight.

But she was pinned on the blanket, which it said
that she couldn't stay.

But had gone to visit her neighbor—seventeen miles
away.

When and how she stammered, I didn't wait for to see,
For out in the road, near mine, I started to see.

Running first this way and that way, like a bound that
is off the seat.

For we wasn't to track in the darkness to tell me
the way she went.

I've had some mighty mean moments after I ken to
the doctor.

Lost on the plains in '90, drowned almost, and shot;
But out on this small desert, a hunting a crazy wife,
Wasn't as on some factory as anything in my life.

"Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" I called, and I held my
breath.

And "Cicely!" came from the canyon, and all was
still as death.

And "Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" came from the rocks
peaks of snow.

I ain't what you call religious; but I just looked up
to the sky.

And this verse to me I'm coming, and maybe ye
think I lie.

But up away to the eastward, yaller and big and far,
I saw of a sudden rising the largest kind of star.

Big and yaller and dancing, it seemed to be back to me,
Yaller and big and dancing, such as you never see.

Big and yaller and dancing—I never saw such a star;
And I thought of them stars in the bible, and I went
to it then and there.

Over the brush and boulders I stumbled and rushed
about.

Keeping the star close, I went wherever it led,
It might have been, for so long, when sudden and
near and high.

Out of the year's before me there it up a baby's cry,
Listen! that the same sound; but her lungs they
traveller.

Then she spoke, I pecked her and her mother—I'm
darned! I know I lie.

But the doctor knew what happened from that very
thing I lie.

But she spoke a word, and maybe you might
come day.

Just then she spoke "Well, a baby that was born in
cannon way.

And that was the first, and all follow, when you
speak of the star, don't tell

As how 'Twas that mother's letter, 'or maybe 'Twas
some to well.

—BRYAN HAYES.

IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY.—A resident
of Sacramento, California, has late-
ly given up steamboat travel, and now,
when he wishes to go to San Francisco,
he provides tickets by railway.

His preference for the latter method of lo-
comotion came about this wise: Not long
ago he had occasion to go to the metropoli-
s of the Pacific coast, and accordingly
he started for the steamer's landing, with
a carpet sack in one hand and a cane in
the other, in what he supposed to be
ample time. But when he came in sight
of the wharf he observed the boat ap-
parently swinging away from her moor-
ings, and amid the shouts and jeers of
the bystanders, he broke into a frantic
run for the landing. The boat was 8 or 9
feet from the wharf when he reached the
place where he had hoped to find a gang
plank, but nothing daunted, and trust-
ing to the momentum acquired during
the run, he leaped into the air and gained
the vessel's deck. Not without acci-
dent, however. The carpet bag struck
one passenger so violently in the stom-
ach that he doubled up like a jackknife,
and absorbed a whole flask of brandy in
getting straightened out, while the cane
struck a man in the face with sufficient
force to suddenly induce him to get down
on his knees to look after his hat. When
he had recovered it, the man who had
occasioned all this commotion, said to
him in a tone of mingled apology and
self-gratulation:

"Well I made it!"

"You did?" said the sore-headed
passenger, "but you darned old fool, this
boat ain't going out, she's coming in."

A GRANGER'S DREAM.—The Lanark
Gazette, a staunch Granger paper, pub-
lishes the following which is too good
to be lost:

A Granger dreamed that he died; he
went straight to the spirit-world; he
knocked at the gate of the New Jerusa-
lem and it was opened unto him. The
books were opened; he was asked, "did
you ever belong to any secret societies?"
to which he replied, "I did. To the
Grangers." "Then, sir, you cannot be
admitted, depart." He then went to
the door of the bottomless pit, where
the same questions were again asked him
by the Devil, and again he was told to de-
part. After he had gone a little way
off he was accosted by the homely ruler
of the pit, when the following propo-
sitions were made: "Stranger said Nick,
"I will not admit you here; they do
not want you in Heaven; but I will sell
you two hundred barrels of brimstone
for cash, ten per cent. off, and you can
start a little hell of your own, with no
agents or middle-men."

WATERPROOF GRASS FOR BOOTS.—In
order to prevent rain-water from passing
through boots during cold weather, they
should be treated as follows: Take a
pound of the best fresh tallow or hard
mutton suet and melt it in an earthen-
ware dish with half a pound of bees-wax
and about half an ounce of resin, and
apply the compound to the leather while
warm, but not too hot. The soles as
well as the uppers should be soaked
with this preparation. The wax tends
to render the leather more durable and
pliable, because it is an excellent anti-
peptic. There is no better leather un-
guent than this.

The Master of Milldean.

"Becky! are you in earnest?"

"Why not, mamma? Don't you see
it's a self-evident fact that money must
be obtained in one way or other, unless
we prefer starvation to death; an alter-
native which I, for one don't relish!"

Becky Martin tied the shaker bonnet
resolutely over her silky brown curls
which would have driven a Broadway
hair-dresser frantic with envy, and drew
back the curtains of the kitchen window
admitting a flood of bright May sunshine
over its well secured boards.

Well, after all, there may be as much
romance in a kitchen as in a boudoir—
Don't you believe it? Then I wish you
could have seen the bunch of purple lil-
lac plumes in the pitcher on the table,
and the tin teakettle prosing on the
stove, and the glowing scarlet peppers
that hung above the chimney, and above
all, Becky herself—"in madder red!" cal-
led out that fitted as prettily as if it had
been the royal purple velvet that Mrs.
Lincoln wears on Reception Days. As
for jewels, she had not one—what need
of jewels when her hazel eyes were all
instinct with diamond light and her
cheeks like blush roses against white
velvet, and her pretty mouth touched
with a vivid crimson such as you see
where a ripe peach is cleft away from
its stone.

So Becky Martel stood looking out on
the little garden border where May-pinks
crowded the shrinking violets out into
the path, and silver green southernwood
shook its head solemnly at the varnish-
ed gold of tossing buttercups; but she
did not see the bright spring blossoms.

Mrs. Martel groaned dolorously as she
surveyed the stocking she was darning.

"I never thought a daughter of mine
would be reduced so low."

"As what, mamma?" said Becky,
turning around quickly.

"As to work for a living."

"Is that all?" laughed Becky, sud-
denly kneeling down so as to bring her
cheek close against the old lady's cap
border.—"My gracious mamma, what do
you suppose these hands were given to
me for? Now, if I were a romantic
damsel, I should shed a few tears and
take to poetry and the guitar, and see
you suffer, and consider myself gener-
ally, in the light of a victim! But I am
not!" pursued Becky, setting her little
white teeth close together; "and so I'm
going up to Milldean to try and get a
situation there."

"As seamstress? or as a companion
to the housekeeper?"

"Neither," said Becky; "as nymph of
the kitchen and lady president of the
pies and pastry! Now mamma, don't
pray, look so horrified! Six dollars a
month is quite a sum, and I tell you I
must have money!"—Mrs. Martel did
not answer, taking refuge in a disconsolate
series of sighs, and Becky put the stray
curl back under the shaker, and walked
away up the country road, to where the
Milldean gleamed whitely through the
evergreens upon the hill side.

The superb Bourbon roses hung in
crimson drapery over the terrace in front,
the honey suckles were all alive with
murmuring, the close shaven grass be-
fore the portico was sprinkled with a
shower of bright dandelion blossoms, as
Becky's madder-red dress brushed lightly
over them and her elastic foot pressed
down their bright disks.

"Why, Becky Martel, is that you?"

Miss Anastasia Brown, the housekeep-
er's daughter, sat in the curtained bay
window, reading a yellow covered book,
in an elegant dishabille of blue muslin
and fluttering azure ribbons—a pale
young lady with light eyelashes and red-
dish brown hair, whom you would have
pronounced "rather pretty," in virtue of
her blue eyes and wax-like complexion.

"Good morning, Anastasia; is your
mother in?"

"Mamma? Yes, I believe so. She is
up stairs laying out the summer cur-
tains. Did you wish to see her?"

"Yes," said Becky. "I understand
the kitchen maid's situation is vacant."

"It is," drawled Miss Anastasia. "Can
you recommend any suitable person to
us?"

"I can recommend myself!"

"Yourself?"

Becky Martel laughed at Miss Brown's
look of dismay.

"Why not? I am poor and must do
something."

"But I thought Mrs. Martel had
shares in such Company or other that
rendered you independent?"

"The Company had unfortunately fail-
ed."

"Oh!" said Anastasia. "But, Becky,
you are a lady—or have been brought
up as one."

"Well, cannot I be a lady still, even
though it should be in a kitchen?"

Anastasia shrugged her shoulders.

"Why don't you teach, or take in
sewing or something of that sort?"

Becky bit her lip; she did not like
this species of catechism.

"I don't teach, because the district
school is already taken; I don't sew, be-
cause nobody in this vicinity has any
sewing to give me. Now will you allow
me to pass?"

Miss Anastasia drew back, and Becky

Martel went up stairs to the house-keep-
er's room with the dignity of a young
queen.

Mrs. Brown leisurely polished her
spectacles at the end of her apron as
she listened to Becky's statement of her
errand.

"Do tell?" said Mrs. Brown. "Think
o' your goin' out as a kitchen gal! Why,
your hands is as white as our Stasia's—
It's a come down in the world, ain't it—
and Widow Martel has always held her
head so high. Dear me—kitchen gal!"

Where is the harm?" said Becky,
composedly. "I have yet to learn that
there is any disgrace in earning an honest
livelihood in whatsoever manner may
seem best."

"Of course—of course," said Mrs.
Brown, "but Stasia never washed a dish
or ironed a pocket handkerchief in her
life—she thinks it kind o' low to work
and then Stasia's so literary. However,
I don't know as I have any objections—
what can you do?"

And Becky went through a list of do-
mestic accomplishments as calmly as a
fashionable retired young lady enumer-
ates the conquests she has made, or the
number of parties she has attended dur-
ing the year. Mrs. Brown nodded her
head thoughtfully at each one, and Miss
Anastasia, who had sauntered up stairs,
tossed her ribbons rather scornfully.

"Well, I guess you may come," said
Mrs. Brown, "what do you say, Stasia?"

"Really," said Miss Anastasia, "it
cannot be of much consequence to me
who you employ as kitchen maid. Only,
Becky Martel—"

"Well?"

"I prefer that in speaking to me you
would say Miss Anastasia or Miss Brown,
knowing. Our altered position you
henceforth."

"Certainly," said Becky, trying hard
not to laugh—an effort that dotted her
pretty cheeks with dimples irrepressible.

"I'll remember, Miss Anastasia."

"Of course there will be very little
intercourse between us," went on Anas-
tasia, not quite certain whether Becky
Martel was laughing at her, but feeling a
little embarrassed nevertheless. "You
know we are related to the Smith's of
Milldean—"

"Callender Smith's uncle's step-moth-
er was my brother's second wife's coun-
cil," interrupted Mrs. Brown.

"Never mind that, mamma," said Miss
Anastasia, rather tartly. "I dare say,
Rebecca, you will find Desire Peabody a
very pleasant companion—she is the
chambermaid, you know, and I hope
you'll not get discontented with your
station."

"I shall endeavor to preserve a spirit
of resignation," said Becky dryly.

Miss Anastasia was a little puzzled at
the new kitchen maid's perfect self-pos-
session, and went down stairs to resume
the perusal of the yellow-covered pam-
phlet, not exactly satisfied with the effect
produced by her lofty speeches.

Mr. Callender Smith was packing his
trunk to leave the city.

An occupation which Mr. Callender
Smith particularly detested—and so he
had given himself a recess for the pur-
pose of smoking a cigar.

He was a dark, handsome young man,
with bright, arched eyes and very black
hair—an off-hand, gypsy style of good
looks that corresponded with the crimson
dressing gown to a charm. And withal
there was a frank light under the jetty
lashes that made people like Callender
Smith whether they would or no.

"I don't see," soliloquized Mr. Smith,
"how these things are ever going into
my trunk. It's like the story in the Ara-
bian Nights—the boots and things have
swelled to twice their size since they
came out. If I crammed them in any-
how, and jumped on sack of compact-
ness; it'd be for the cologne bottles
and fancy inkstands, if I packed them
loose; I'd like to know how fifteen pair
of boots and a dressing-case are going
into a valise? Who's that?—Come in,
Jefferson—I can't ask you to take a
chair, because you see, they are all full;
but shall be very happy if you will take
the top of a trunk, or the coal scuttle."

Carl Jefferson advanced gingerly into
the room, carefully avoiding the many
traps and pitfalls that strewed the floor,
and sat down on an empty hat box.

"Packing up, eh? Where are you
going?"

"Home."

"And where is that?"

"A place called Milldean, in the thriving
State of Connecticut."

"May I ask the cause of this sudden
move?"

"Of course! I found myself getting
dispirited and headachy, and generally
disgusted with city life. Besides, I've
a lively desire to see what a dandelion
is like, and to inhale an atmosphere not
impregnated with gas, frangipanni and
bad cigars."

"A tolerably good array of reasons.—
Well what sort of a place is Milldean?"

"Don't know."

"You don't know! Stranger of all
Smiths, what does this mean? Are you
talking in riddles?"

"Not a bit of it. I was never there.
The place belonged to an uncle of mine
—by the way, his name was John—who

was so considerate as to will it to me in
the absence of other heirs. It's a fine
old house, they tell me; the housekeep-
er manages things very nicely, and I'm
just going home to survey the domains
for a week or two. I wish you would
go with me."

"I could not possibly, Callender. You
see—Hullo! where am I going to?"

"Only through the lid of my hat box.
Take care—there goes my dressing case
in your blind struggles. Never mind,
there is no harm done."

"I am sorry—upon my word, I am,"
ejaculated the penitent Carl, rubbing his
elbows and surveying the chaos around
him with ludicrously distressed face.

"Don't move, Callender, I'll pick up the
things in half a second; serves me right
for being a blundering blockhead! Here
you are—pomade bottles, pen-knife, raz-
or case, hair brushes, and—what do you
call this, old fellow?"

Callender Smith turned his head leis-
urely around; the color deepened sud-
denly on his dark cheek as he saw Carl
Jefferson holding up a small pink glove.

"Where did you get that?" he asked,
quickly extending his hand for it.

"Well, directly from the floor—indi-
rectly, I suppose it came from this ivory
box, whose cover I regret to say, is broken.
The idea of a lady's glove preserved
so tenderly in Callender